

The Moon's Old Glory

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Overrated, exaggerated
The crescent hangs, worn-out
Two faced in its hiding
Moonlight swoons
Forwarding noon-light
Like how lovers stroke silence
Lightly touching
Every absent part of light
Clasping silent words, speaking
Around skyward looking hearts.

You could shoulder dead flowers
Under burned out stars, unfazed
About what wishes listless ships had
Sailing seas of tranquility, as if
You didn't know yesterday's wind
Would go dark, staggering starlight
Into drowning itself—every ocean emptied
With every imprint of a soul's boots
Flagging with subliminal whiffs of solar wind.